

## What Miracles Have Been Wrought In Life Time of One Pendleton Woman

In Early Days There were No Telephones or Railroads. Tallow Candles Did the Illuminating

To live in the 20th century is an advantage. To be living in the next century would probably be a still greater advantage. Yet from our present position in the world's progress, it does seem that the limit of human invention has been reached. The air has been conquered, a feat which for years was declared to be wholly impossible for man to accomplish. The waters under the earth have been reached; the north pole likewise; the east and west have been linked by immense railroads and steamship lines. Two great seas have been joined so that the commerce of the world may pass through. We have gone north, south, east, west, up and down. The only place left to be explored is the center of the earth. Besides this there remains only that country beyond the grave which has not been penetrated and mapped. And who knows but that someday the so-called mystery of death will have been solved so that no longer will man remain ignorant of his future state.

But all this is not quite the point of this story though being used to illustrate that within the last 50 years, vast strides in progress have been made. And to one who has had the privilege of quietly watching this great change go on, the progress seems all the more wonderful.

There is in Pendleton today one who has watched the changes with an interested eye. This lady is sedate, unassuming, cheerful. But because it was her request that her name be not used, the pleasure of speaking it shall have to be foregone. However, this circumstance shall not interfere with the interest which this story of her life may have for the reader.

She, like Aunt Mary, in the story of the Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, has gone forward to meet age with a kindly smile and has welcomed the visitor as one to be entertained rather than shunned and feared. And so age has laid a kindly hand upon her, tinc-

turing her face with the joyful light of great expectations. For her the progress of the world has been marvelous, but not to be compared with the progress that is to come.

To look back, however, over the years that have gone, she remembers that the olden days were days in which men thought they had accomplished wonders. When she returned from the centennial at Philadelphia, she declared upon reaching home: "Well, it

And while she rejoices in the things that have been done, she can look back upon the old days and reflect upon the simple enjoyment which we of today have some reason to envy."

To have known those in her childhood who fought with Washington is a distinction of which she can feel rightly proud. And to have heard the stories of the deeds of this great man is something which many of us would be glad to be able to claim as our own

upon different occasions and held other public positions of trust and honor. For 30 or 40 years he was a public figure.

"My father was Colonel Leveatt Lathrop and he lived to a ripe old age, keeping his wonderful mental faculties to the end. He was a railroad contractor for many years, then a lumber merchant. He used to send large quantities of lumber to Bath for building ships.

"I recall the political fights during the Harrison-Taylor controversy. The early campaign was hotly waged. The Log Cabin and Hard Cider slogan was being uttered on every hand. This was the political war. Upon a ride through the country when a girl I recall the log cabins erected every few miles, the barrel of hard cider placed near by and the cup that was always handy.

"People married young in those days. My father was wed when he was 21. He had but \$100 in cash. But living was simpler than it is today. He paid his hired man \$100 a year and boarded him. Other help was paid in proportion. There was a simple feeling of co-operation among all the community. The wealthiest mingled with the humblest. Each man considered himself equal with his neighbor regardless of the wealth which his neighbor possessed.

"But I am glad that I have been able to see the wonderful progress that has been made. I have seen the stage coach give way to the fast express train. When I first came to Pendleton, the town was a mere settlement. Today just see the improvements that we have. Why it is all very marvelous."

Indeed is this story of this Pendleton woman a link between the past which seems so far behind and yet in truth is but yesterday. What has she witnessed? She has witnessed the change from the slow methods of travel to the iron monsters which hurl the voyager across a continent in a few hours; from the weary system of communication to the letter that can be flashed around the world in brief time; from the dim light of the candle-dip to the sun-like rays of the electric light; from the tiresome methods of education to the modern high school with its wonderful equipment for fitting young men and women for a career; from the weekly newspaper, poorly printed, to the daily carrying the news of the world to the breakfast table. She has seen the flying machine sail through clouds. She has seen changes taking place in Pendleton, wonderful changes, for when she came here the town was but a hamlet with bunch grass growing in the streets. Now there is a modern city, with paved streets, telephone, electric lights and all the conveniences of a city in this wonderfully progressive century.

### Profits From Hunters

In speaking of the profits to be derived from hunters the editor of Outdoor World and Recreation says:

The protection of wild life is no mere sentimental hobby of bird and animal lovers, as I have said repeatedly. It is a thoroughly practical economic question, and as such is being recognized by the more intelligent people of the country. By and by it will percolate into the heads even of the less intelligent.

California, after having been a leader for years in slaughter, has now at last become convinced that protection is good business and is engaged in reckoning and in widely publishing the "profits from hunters." For instance, we learn that Santa Clara county took in \$5,400 from sale of licenses, while Secretary Schaeffle of the State Fish and Game Commission declares "it is estimated that California derives an annual income of \$15,000,000 from sale of licenses and the money spent by hunters and fishermen in pursuit of sport."

This is also about the annual sum which sportsmen leave yearly in Maine where long ago they realized that protection of their wild life is a highly profitable investment.



A Pendleton Home

looks as though the limit of human invention has been reached." But that was before the days of the flying machine and the submarine and the ocean greyhounds, and the Empire state express.

Never sceptical, however, of the powers of the human mind, she has watched all these years to see seemingly impossible things accomplished.

## THE BUCKAROO

By Richard Carter Warinner

Dedicated to John F. Robinson, Ex-President of the Pendleton Commercial Club and President of Domestic Laundry, Pendleton, Oregon

Tighten the cinch and take off the blind,  
Let 'er buck in front, let 'er buck behind,  
We'll both go up and come down together,  
But I hope to die if I'll pull leather.

Oh, I love the life of a buckaroo,  
And I love the scream of the wild curlew,  
And the coyote's howl is music to me,  
As I gaze on the stars in the milky way.

Awaiting the dawn of another day,  
As I lie alone, alone, did I say?  
No, my broncho's with me, my cayuse pet,  
And he's tethered to me with a lariat.

Our Teddy was once a buckaroo,  
And he could handle a lasso, too;  
He loved the scent of the wild sagebrush;  
He loved the silence, he loved the hush.

Of the boundless range where the cattle roam,  
His pony his pal, his saddle his home,  
He gathered an inspiration there,  
Which led to the presidential chair.

I never expect such great renown,  
But I may be marshal of some cow town,  
Or sheriff, or judge, or something like that,  
And choke some guy with my lariat.

My chaps are worn, and my hair is long,  
And I'm humming all day some dear old song,  
Some dear old song which my mother sang,  
Before I learned all this cowboy slang.

Before I knew of the wild, wild west,  
And I'm thinking of her whom I loved best,  
And I'm wondering should I go home again  
If she'd welcome a cowboy of the plain?

But I must tighten my latigo  
For I'm off with the morning's first faint glow,  
Over the sagebrush plains I ride,  
Like a buccaner on a rising tide.

With new sombrero and silver spurs  
I'll search the herd for stray "slick-ears,"  
For I'm off to the Round-up, sure this fall—  
My broncho and I. Say, I've got the gall.

To ride with any old buckaroo,  
And to show 'em a trick with my lasso, too,  
I'm not much good at the "bulldog's" stant,  
But I'll show 'em a pace at a maverick hunt.

'Mongst them beautiful eastern Oregon girls;  
I'll show 'em a trick how my lasso twirls  
Straight out from the heart of a cowboy true,  
They'll go some if they beat this buckaroo.

Then tighten the cinch, take off the blind,  
Let 'er buck in front; let 'er buck behind.  
For neither of us 'll show the "white feather,"  
But I hope to die if I pull leather.

Such is the history of this lady with whom this story is concerned. Since 1887 she has lived in Oregon, most of that time in Pendleton. Before coming to this state she was three years in California. She came west shortly after the first transcontinental railroad was finished.

When in Maine, This lady was born in Leeds, Maine, 50 miles from Portland. She comes of straight Puritan stock, her people having intermarried with the Mayflower voyagers, the Aldens and the Brewsters. General Howard was born but a short distance from her birthplace.

The old homestead in Leeds is still occupied by members of the family and each year a reunion is held. Mark Lathrop, one of the old New England pioneers, was a relative. He was born in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and her family are descendants from him. In 1643 he came to New England. He lived to be 90 years of age. One day, so the story is told, he mounted his horse and rode to Leeds. There was nothing surprising in this, but on the occasion it happened that Mr. Lathrop was in his 90th year. He kept his vigor to the very last. He was a major in Colonel Craft's regiment when Washington took command of the continental army. The stories he would tell of the campaigns proved interesting and he never grew tired relating tales of Washington whom he worshipped.

One story which he used to delight in telling pertained to a time when he and a few companions became lost from their detachment. They wandered three days in the woods without a thing to eat. One morn, however, they found a dead crow and upon this they made a meal, each taking a portion. After the three days' fast, this crow tasted as palatable as fried chicken.

A grand-aunt of the Pendleton woman lived to be 100 years old. She remembers this aged lady well, also Morgan Brewster, who was a sixth regular descendant of Elder Brewster the great New England divine. He used to tell stories of the war and of the first settlers in the new country.

In those days there were no roads and trails through the forest were followed by means of "spotted" trees. In the girlhood days of the local lady, a telephone was unknown of course and there were no railroads nor system of lighting as we have today. The nearest railroad line was out of Boston, and Boston was many miles away. To get to the hub of the New England states, the stage coach was the only vehicle in use. Many preferred to make the trip on horseback but this was a strenuous adventure and only the rugged could withstand it.

Tells Her Story. But perhaps it will be better now to let this local lady tell her story in her own way:

"All we had for illumination in those days was the tallow candle. The candles were dipped once a year and the occasion was made a sort of holiday when the neighbors would get together and make a supply to last another twelve months. The tallow from the animals we killed was saved and at the end of the season it was used for the candle making. Whaleoil lamps came into use later. But it was 14 or 15 years before I saw a whale oil lamp.

"All the dresses of the girls and women were made at home. The tailor came twice a year bringing her needles and work material with her. Then there would be a busy sewing bee. I often saw the tailoress sewing by the light of a candle-dip. How she managed to do it was a mystery to me. I have often seen my father reading, holding the paper on one hand and the candle in the other.

"There were few schools in those days. The means of acquiring an education were extremely small. My father managed to get about three months of schooling such as it was. He was nevertheless in public life a good deal and was one of the big men of the state. He was senator, representative and county commissioner

## FALL SHOWING

of the Famous "Indian Head" Garments

For Ladies and Misses, made by J. & F. Goldstone & Co., New York.

## Coats and Suits

of all the new materials for Fall—in all sizes

WE CAN FIT YOU

We have on display by far the largest stock this store has ever shown—Enjoy the Round-up in one of the

"INDIAN HEAD GARMENTS"

F. E. Livengood & Co.

The Ladies' and Children's Store



Known For Its Strength

—The—

## First National Bank

Pendleton, Oregon

Oldest and largest National Bank in the state outside of Portland

Deposits \$2,000,000.00

Resources \$3,000,000.00

SECURITY

Modern

## Bottling Works

Sanitary

With the recent addition of modern machinery we are now operating one of the most up-to-date and sanitary bottling works in Oregon.

BOTTLERS OF

Hires Root Beer, Soft Drinks,  
Sodas, and the Famous Pendleton "Export" Beer

We cater to the family trade and out of town orders receive our prompt attention

## Pioneer Bottling Works

Paul Hemmeln, Prop.

222 E. Court Street Phone 177

## Hardware Headquarters in the Round-Up City

You will always find here everything you would expect to find in a similar store--and many things more.

**Monarch**  
MALLEABLE  
The "Stay Satisfactory" Range



We specialize on articles of genuine merit. Articles we have tried and tested ourselves, and we can recommend and endorse.

You will find here all of the good—the best—the pick—of standard manufactured articles, such as

MONARCH RANGES, COLE'S AIRTIGHT and RADIUM HEATERS AERMOTOR WIND MILLS, MYER'S PUMPS, SHARPLESS TUBULAR CREAM SEPARATORS, WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS, O. V. B. CUTLERY, COMMUNITY SILVERWARE AND UNION LOCK FIELD FENC ING.

To which we add our own guarantee, as well as that of the manufacturer. In connection with our hardware business we conduct one of the largest and best equipped tin and sheet-metal shops in eastern Oregon.

## THE TAYLOR HARDWARE CO.

Pendleton, Oregon